

TURTLE HUNTING

Is Profitable for a Colony of Buffalo, New York, Boys.

SHOT WITH SMALL BULLETS.

To Kill Them Without Injuring the Much-Prized Shell Requires Careful Practice—Live to a Great Age.

Buffalo Enquirer: Probably few Buffaloes are aware that the city numbers among its residents a colony of turtle hunters. Nearly all of the members of the little colony, which numbers about fifty, are boys ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years, and by means of their unique vocation they manage to make a fair living.

Thinking it might be a matter of some interest to the curious to know something of this band of youngsters and their strange method of obtaining a livelihood, an Enquirer reporter who had received a tip as to where one of the older boys could be found, rambled into the east side yesterday and casually stopped at a house in William street, near Bailey avenue. To a buxom, middle-aged woman who answered a knock at the door, the caller stated his errand.

Found Him Cleaning Shells.
"You happened around at just the right time," said the woman, with a smile. "Charley is in the shed cleaning some shells now."

Following his guide, the reporter was conducted to a small shed attached to the back of the house and came upon a young fellow, who was working intently at some object on a table of heavy planks. The small room, lighted by a window at each end, presented a strange sight to the uninitiated. From strings attached to stout pegs around the sides hung fully a hundred turtle shells of practically a uniform, very dark color on the top or back and yellow on the bottom, but varying from three to twenty inches in diameter and proportionate height.

On shelves and the bench were perhaps two dozen queer-shaped tools, consisting of knives, saws and files of various degrees of fineness. In one corner stood a barrel-shaped stove on which a huge kettle simmered.

Tells About His Work.
The young fellow in the shed proved to be working on a shell, but he willingly laid aside his tools and talked.

"Tell you something about the turtle catching business?" he repeated after the caller. "Well, when I stop to think of it there something out of the ordinary in the work. It isn't as disagreeable as you might imagine, but even if it were, it pays well enough to make up for the unpleasant features—that is, if you make a business of it instead of following it up, as most of the boys do, to kill time."

"Turtles are not as scarce around Buffalo as you might think. Of course the kind you make soup of doesn't frequent this section except when it comes by the train load, but there are several other varieties, such as the snapping turtle, and the ordinary, dirty, old mud turtle. We catch them for their shells alone, and many a fine woman thinks she is sporting a fine tortoise shell comb in her hair when in reality it is nothing but a section cut from the back of a turtle that, maybe, was hauled out of Scatsquanda creek. But what are the odds? The woman is satisfied and somebody turns a few honest pennies."

"Around Buffalo there are countless creeks and brooks, like Scatsquanda, Smokey's, Eighteen-Mile, Buffalo and many others that don't have any names at all. Then there are swamps and bogs in the country within a few miles of the city, and in both the creeks and marshy places turtles thrive. They're hard to get sometimes, but we seldom go out without bringing back one or two."

Several Ways of Catching Them.

"There are two or three ways of getting them. As a rule, you have got to see them first and catch them afterward. For instance, you will be walking along beside a muddy place on the side of a creek. You will see a black knob sticking out of the mud, and if you're used to the business, you recognize Mr. Turtle. He recognized you, too, and the black knob is slowly drawn into the mud out of sight. But you have got your game located and you take that stick with the hook on the end, that's hanging on the wall there, and after poking in the mud you find

your turtle, and with a quick yank bring him into view. He isn't very lively on his feet, so you tumble him over to dry land.

"Maybe, though, he isn't in the mud when you see him. That black knob of a head might be sticking a couple of inches out of a pool of water, and the turtle is no slouch when it comes to swimming. See that little rifle in the corner? It carries only a .22 calibre ball, but with any kind of an eye, you can pick the turtle's head before he can realize you're after him. Then use your hook again and pull him out of the water. If you catch him in the mud you've got to kill him, especially if he is a snapper. Snappers are quicker than lightning with their heads, and when they take hold it's all off with whatever they nab onto their heads are cut off."

Taste the Turtle Meat.

"I generally have a forked stick with me. I tease the turtle until he gets fighting mad and begins to hiss like a big snake. Then when his head is stuck away out of his shell, I catch his neck in the fork of the stick and slice his head off. Lots of fellows who hunt turtles take the flesh out of the shells as soon as the turtles are dead. That's nasty work. I've got a better way."

"I bring a turtle home and putting him in that kettle, start a fire. After he has boiled for a few hours until he is well cooked, I put him on the bench here, and after loosening the meat a little with a knife, draw the whole business from the shell as slick as a whistle. These tools you see are for scraping the shell, and those cloths and pieces of chambray are good to polish it up a bit. But most of the polishing is done by the people who buy the shells and make them into fancy articles, such as combs, pins, backs of brushes and even little picture frames and such things. Buttons are also made out of the waste pieces."

Many Youngsters in Business.

"There is quite a gang of young fellows who make pocket money at this business, but that is all they care for it. I follow it up each season and generally clear several hundred dollars a year. The shell of a big snapping turtle is worth from \$1 to \$3, according to its condition, and there are some varieties of turtles in this section whose shells are worth more and say, maybe you think these fellows don't live to a good old age! Two years ago I caught a snapping turtle that was nearly two feet from its head to its tail, and it weighed nearly forty pounds. On the shell back, after I had cooked the turtle and cleaned the shell, I found the initials 'C. F.' and the date '1844.' The letters and figures were nearly gone, but I made them out. Somebody over fifty years ago must have caught that turtle and after marking him turned him loose. I wish I knew what the old turtle went through in the years before I caught him."

CASE AFTER CASE.

Plenty More Like This in Wheeling.

Scores of Wheeling people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Mr. G. V. Burkett, of 20 South Washington street, for over twenty-five years employed at the Wheeling & Belmont Bridge Company's works, says: "For several years my kidneys were in a bad condition, and my back was so weak and sore that when I stooped I could scarcely straighten up. On several occasions I was taken so badly when at work that I had to be helped home, and when the doctor came he injected morphine to give me ease. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills so highly recommended by parties in Wheeling that I felt there must be some real merit behind them, so I got a box at the Logan Drug Company's and began taking them. They are the best remedy I ever tried for the kidneys. They are quick in giving relief, sure in action, and pleasant in effect, causing no inconvenience or interference in any way with one's every-day work."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Duty, Pay and Prospects of Every Rank—No Man Has Ever Risen From Bottom to Top.

London Mail: The man who starts at the bottom rung of the army ladder with the intention of climbing to the top has in front of him a long journey. Indeed, so long is it that up till now no soldier has accomplished it in his lifetime. In other words, no Briton, living or dead, has been endowed with sufficient vim, grit and luck to start as a private and end a field marshal. There have been numerous major general "rankers," notably "Willie" McBean, of the Ninety-third Highlanders; Luke O'Connor, of the Twenty-third; John McKay, and our own "Fighting Mac," and there has been at least one lieutenant general, Sir John Elley, to wit, but no field marshal. Perhaps General Hector MacDonald is destined to establish a record in this respect.

The first step which the budding major general takes when emerging from his original status of full private is to lance corporal. The life of a lance corporal is not a happy one. Indeed, so little rest does he get that he is popularly supposed to sleep with one eye open. He is at every one's beck and call; his duties are novel and trying, and, worst of all, his late comrades keep an eye on his movements, and are not slow to remind him of any lapses. In some corps 95 per cent of all lance corporals appointed revert sooner or later to the rank of private.

Those who survive the ordeal are in due course promoted to corporal, wear two white cotton stripes on the arm instead of one, and receive a higher rate of pay. A corporal is regarded as fairly on the road to regimental success, and the duties that fall to his lot are neither so wearisome nor so multifarious as formerly.

The next step—that to lance sergeant—is like the first, an "appointment," not a promotion. This is a distinction with a difference. A commanding officer can order a lance corporal to revert to private, and he therefore reverts. So, also, he can in the same way deprive a lance sergeant of his lance stripe and bid him revert to corporal. But he cannot deprive a corporal or a sergeant, for these are promotions to actual ranks, and once

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is not only a certain cure for Eczema, but for all other skin diseases. It will be understood by any one that a medicine that will quickly cure such a stubborn disease as Eczema will readily cure milder skin and blood diseases, such as Tetter, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Barber's Itch, Ringworm, Ulcers, Herpes, Pimples, Blackheads and all diseases of the Skin and Scalp as well as Sore Nose and Sore Eyelids, Corns, Chaffing, Galling, Chillsblains and Tender Feet.

One application relieves Sun Burn, Burns and Scalds. It removes all ugly Blistches, Roughness and Redness of the skin. Always all irritation and makes the skin beautifully fair and smooth.

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conferred can only be taken away by sentence of court-martial.

After serving his probation as lance sergeant for a period varying between two or three months and a couple of years, the rising young "non-com." finds himself one day "in orders" for his gold stripes, which is to say, he is promoted full sergeant.

He is now an important unit in that great family, the regiment, and takes a more or less prominent part in the social life that centres around the sergeant's mess.

It is, however, conceded on all hands that the man who marries while yet a mere "non-com." forfeits all future hope of a combatant commission, so our typical ranker resists the blandishments of the fair daughters of the regiment, sticks tight to his bachelor quarters, and in due course becomes color sergeant. He is then a very important personage indeed, having entire charge—under his company officer, of course—of a whole company, equivalent to one-eighth of a battalion. The company has frequently been likened to a family, of which the color sergeant is the father. What the men eat and drink, the manner in which their meals are served and cooked, how they are clothed and shod, whether well or ill; all this and much more depends in a great measure upon the fitness or otherwise of the color sergeant for his duties. Nay, more. A good and popular "flag" as the color sergeant is invariably dubbed by his men—can make or mar his company as a fighting unit. From among the eight color sergeants of a battalion is selected—as a general rule—the regimental sergeant major, the chief non-commissioned officers of the corps, and the man who, in conjunction with the adjutant, is mainly responsible for the maintenance of that strict internal discipline without which a regiment is worse than useless as a fighting machine. In his own realm the sergeant major is absolute.

The next step, that from sergeant major to second lieutenant, is the most important of all, for it is here that the soldier passes that mysterious barrier which separates the non-commissioned from the commissioned ranks. To many, too, it is a terrible trial, for it is the custom nowadays to gazette the newly fledged officer to some regiment other than his own.

As major most rankers finish their service, but a few, a very few, add a star to the crown upon their shoulder straps, and become lieutenant colonels, fewer still become full colonels, while those who have actually served as major generals can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

One word in conclusion as to the pay of the highest commissioned ranks of the service. The figures given are approximately correct, but there are numerous extra payments—or "allowances," as they are termed in army parlance—which, occasionally, more than double the nominal daily rate. Thus, in time of peace, a colonel may be drawing forage allowance, fuel, and light allowance, lodging allowance, the allowances in lieu of rations, &c., while in time of war many more similar "extras" are tacked on.

SAILOR RESCUED IN MID-OCEAN

His Captain Cruises About Eleven Hours Before Finding Him.

San Francisco Examiner: Capt. Warner, of the Nome steamer Charles D. Lane has just received news of the remarkable rescue of his brother, an apprentice on the British ship Barlham, Captain Arthur. It is not more than once in a life time that a man will tumble overboard in mid-ocean and be picked up after a boat's crew has searched hours for him. This was the experience of Harry Warner, and to the nerve and big-heartedness of Captain Arthur he owes his rescue.

The ship was bound from Cardiff for Santa Rosalia and was in the tropics at the time. The apprentice was forward, dining when a tug on his line or a lurch of the vessel carried him overboard. A life buoy was thrown after him and the ship was hove to in short order. A boat was lowered, and for three hours the crew searched in vain for the young sailor. Then they returned to the ship without having seen any signs of the boy or the life preserver.

TOPICS OF THE SCHOOLS.

As the close of our schools comes on apace, it is well to look over the work of the year and find out whether we have done as well or better than we did the year preceding. It is well to take an inventory of what has been accomplished and wherein we have failed. Have we done all that could have been done, under the circumstances for these under our charge? Happy is that teacher who can say at the end of the year, my work during the entire year has been well done. If the patrons of our schools can see that their children have been well taught they will be glad to have them continue under the guidance of the same teachers, but if not, can we blame the parent for wishing for a change in teachers? This is an age in which all concerned in the cause should have and will have a voice in the matter of education, and it is right that it should be so. The parent furnishes the means for carrying on our schools and it is but just and right that he should know how his child is being taught. There should be a closer relation between parent and teacher than exists at present. Too often the attitude of the parent in regard to the teacher causes the child to believe that teachers are a necessary evil and hence everything that can be done by the child to annoy that teacher and make her life miserable is considered a duty. Young America owes to those who are trying to lead him into the way of right living. It is a sad fact that very often the teacher, by her actions, confirms the child in the opinion formed, and so the war is on and the contest continues throughout the school life of the child. When this is the case, is it any wonder that the results are not what they should be?

It is refreshing to know that there is a brighter side to all this. How gratifying it is when the child who expects to find the teacher an ogre, or a monster of some sort, learns from her every act that she is a friend and next to his mother the best friend he has in the world. If teachers would make a greater effort to secure the hearty co-operation of the parents, and parents would feel it their duty and make it their business to know more about the one who has charge of the education of their children what an impetus for good would be given to our schools. The parent and the teacher should be hand in hand in the great work of properly educating the child. When this is done, when the teacher and parent see eye to eye, well will it be for the child.

In the June number of the West Virginia School Journal is an article on "Teachers' Wages," written by James N. Douglass, of Clarksburg, every sentence of which speaks to the point. Mr. Douglass for many years a prominent educator in our state and speaks from experience along all lines of educational work. His remedy for the low wages of which teachers complain, is so pointed and pertinent, that it is given entire.

"First—The remedy for low wages is fewer school keepers and more teachers."

"Second—Greater ability, more permanency, better scholarship, better teaching. If you are not content with your wages, cease grumbling and quit, and find some other employment. It will be a relief to you, a blessing to your school and a benefit to your fellow teachers. There is nothing wrong in the desire of a teacher to obtain good wages, but so long as he is brought into competition with a crowd of fledglings, who so long as they can get nothing else to do, find a place in the schoolroom, wages must remain low. It seems to me that if about 50 per cent of those who want a school were to go on a permanent strike, it would be a blessing to the community."

The eighth year pupils in all the ward schools were examined in physiology on Friday forenoon, June 8, the following being the list of questions:

- 1—Define anatomy, physiology, hygiene.
- 2—Of what provision has nature made for preventing the body from becoming overheated?
- 3—Of what use is the hair that grows in the nostrils? Of what use is the ear wax?
- 4—Name the bones of the skull? How are they united?
- 5—Of what three parts is the cerebrospinal system of nerves composed?
- 6—What are the bronchial tubes?
- 7—Describe the corpuscles of the blood. What is the effect of alcohol upon them?
- 8—Describe the ball and socket joint and give two examples.
- 9—Of what part of the skin are the nails and the hair a modification?
- 10—Where is the aorta? Where is the pylorus?

This may seem to some a very easy examination, but when closely examined, it will be seen that a fair knowledge of the subject is required in order to give answers to all the questions. Some members of the class did this, while all did fairly well as far as heard from. Geography will be the subject for the examination of Friday, June 15.

The annual outing of the pupils and teachers of Ritchie school will be taken on Saturday, June 23. The entire day will be spent at Wheeling park and all expect to enjoy themselves, as they always do on such occasions. The report of this school for the month of May shows that there have been enrolled during the school year thus far, 1,014 pupils, 567 boys and 567 girls. So in this school burns "Every lassie has her lad" is proven true. The report for the month of April showed that up to the close of that month there had been enrolled 564 boys and 564 girls. This was considered surprising, but that the rate of increase should continue the same during the month of May, is more surprising.

A Thousand Tongues
Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding the praises throughout the universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Logan Drug Co.'s drug store; every bottle guaranteed—5.

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